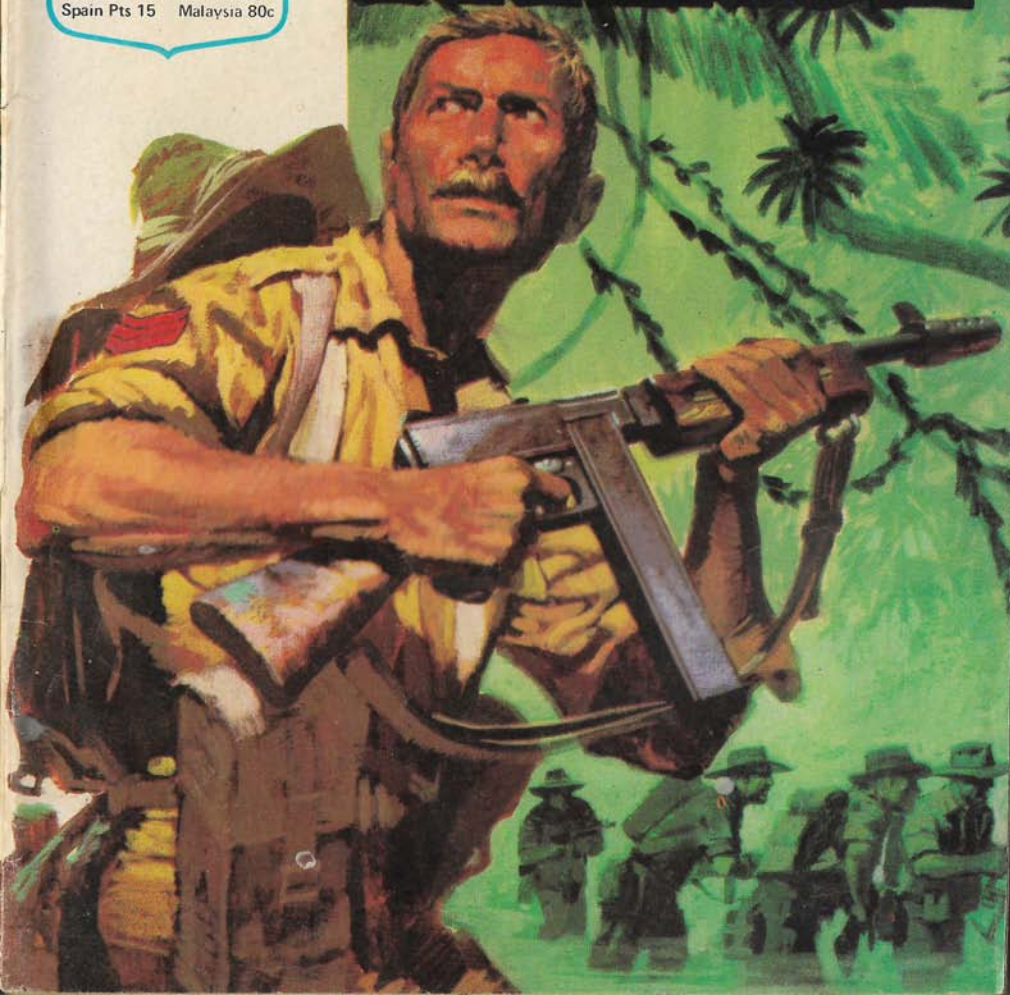


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JUNGLE PATROL



For war thrills . . action . . drama

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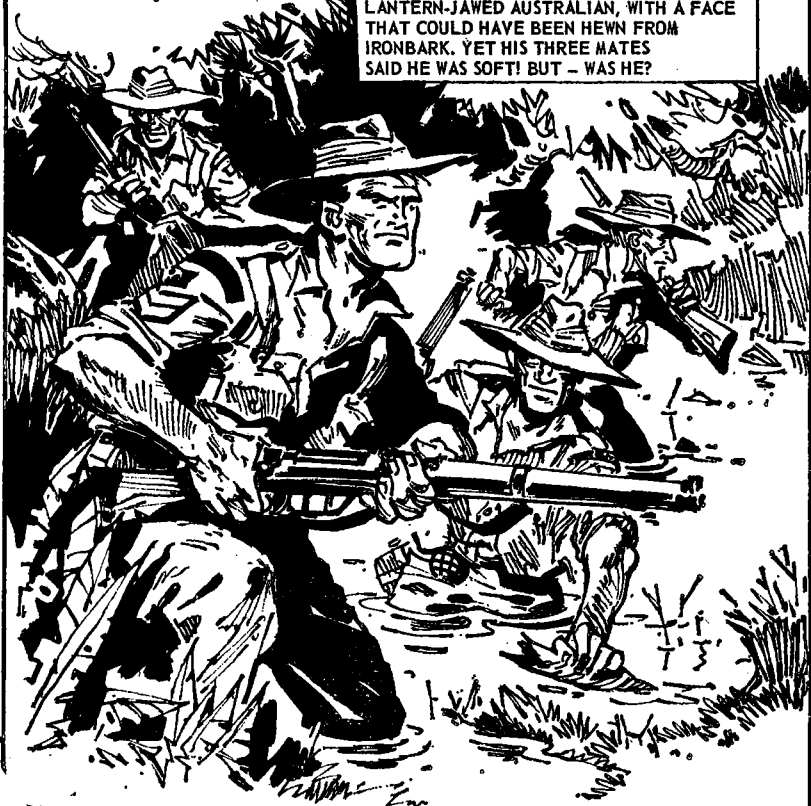
True-to-life adventures of
the men of the fighting
services in World War 2.



**TWELVE
GREAT
WAR
STORIES
EVERY
MONTH !**

JUNGLE PATROL

CORPORAL 'JACKEROO' JOHNSON WAS A LEAN, LANTERN-JAWED AUSTRALIAN, WITH A FACE THAT COULD HAVE BEEN HEWN FROM IRONBARK. YET HIS THREE MATES SAID HE WAS SOFT! BUT - WAS HE?



A ROUGH PROTEST CAME FROM BLUEY PETERS...

STONE THE CROWS,
WHY TAKE A CHANCE? WHAT
IF A FEW OF THE NATIVES
DO GET HIT? YOU'RE TOO
SOFT, MY OATH!

WE
DO IT MY
WAY!

THE AUSSIES CREPT THROUGH THE LONG GRASS TILL THEY WERE
ONLY A FEW YARDS FROM THE NEAREST HUTS. THEN THEY CHARGED...

AS I
THOUGHT -
NO JAPS!

BUT THEN, FROM THE FAR SIDE OF THE VILLAGE AND FROM THE LEFT FLANK CAME A TORRENT OF MACHINE GUN FIRE...

THE
SLIPPERY YELLOW
SWINE!

AAGHI

IT'S A FLAMING
TRAP - AND WE
FELL FOR IT!

SEVERAL MEN WERE KILLED OUTRIGHT BY THAT FIRST DEADLY BLAST, MORE FELL WOUNDED AND ONLY A FEW MANAGED TO FIGHT THEIR WAY OUT INTO THE JUNGLE ...

THEN JAP MORTAR SHELLS CAME WHISTLING OVER AND ONE HUT
COLLAPSED ON TOP OF JACKEROO AND THOSE ABOUT HIM...



BY THE TIME THEY HAD DUG THEMSELVES
FREE, THE JAPANESE WERE WAITING FOR THEM...



AS THE PRISONERS WERE MARCHED OFF, THEY HEARD SPASMATIC SHOTS FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE VILLAGE. JACKEROO'S MOUTH TIGHTENED WITH RAGE AND FRUSTRATION.

THE DEVILS!
THEY'RE SHOOTING
OUR WOUNDED!



WOMBAT TURNED FIERCELY
ON JACKEROO...

THIS IS YOUR
FAULT! IF WE'D SWEEPED
THE VILLAGE WITH FIRE
AS WE WANTED TO, THIS
WOULDN'T HAVE
HAPPENED!

I DID
WHAT I THOUGHT
BEST!

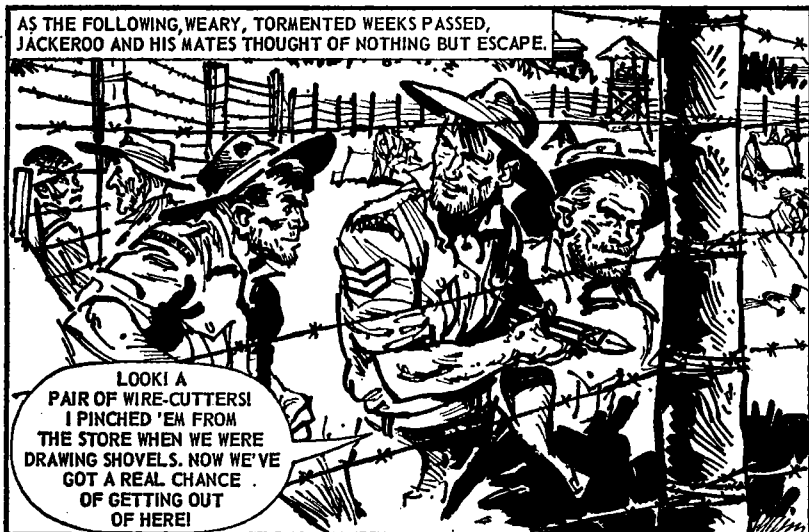


THE LONG, THREE DAY MARCH BACK
THROUGH THE JAP LINES TO THE PRISON
CAMP WAS A NIGHTMARE FOR THE HALF-
STARVED PRISONERS...

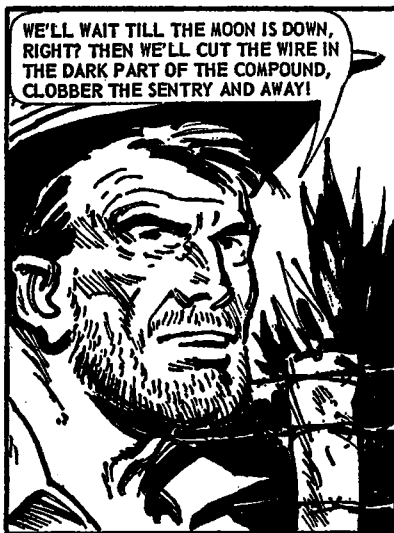
HURRY! HURRY!
YOU NOT SICK!



AS THE FOLLOWING, WEARY, TORMENTED WEEKS PASSED, JACKEROO AND HIS MATES THOUGHT OF NOTHING BUT ESCAPE.



WE'LL WAIT TILL THE MOON IS DOWN, RIGHT? THEN WE'LL CUT THE WIRE IN THE DARK PART OF THE COMPOUND, CLOBBER THE SENTRY AND AWAY!



A WEEK LATER, ON A MOONLESS NIGHT, THEIR CHANCE CAME...



THE SENTRY PASSED — AND DID NOT SEE THEM. JACKEROO WENT THROUGH THE GAP LIKE A FOX ON THE PROWL...



THE JAPANESE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM. HE DROPPED WITHOUT A SOUND.



BLUEY HAD MOVED IN FAST AND WAS THERE IN TIME TO CATCH THE SENTRY AND EASE HIM TO THE GROUND...



JACKEROO TOOK THE MAN'S RIFLE AND AMMUNITION...



TO AVOID PASSING THROUGH THE JAP HUT AREA THEY HAD TO PASS CLOSE BELOW ONE OF THE GUARD TOWERS, WHERE THE SENTRY WAS ALREADY SWINGING HIS SEARCHLIGHT.

THAT
FLIPPING NIP
IS NERVOUS,
HANG IT!

WOULDN'T
YOU KNOW
IT!



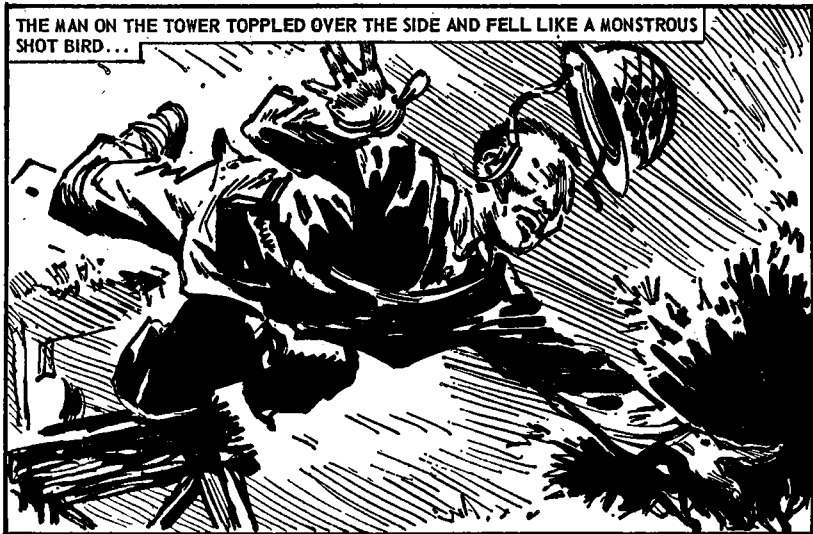
THEY DARE NOT HESITATE TOO LONG. BUT AS BAD LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, THE QUESTING SEARCHLIGHT BEAM FOUND THEM.



JACKEROO TOOK SWIFT AIM...



THE MAN ON THE TOWER TOPPLED OVER THE SIDE AND FELL LIKE A MONSTROUS
SHOT BIRD...



THERE WAS NO FURTHER HOPE OF CONCEALMENT.
THEIR ONLY CHANCE NOW WAS IN SPEED...

COME ON,
YOU JOKERS! LET'S
GET AWAY FROM
HERE!



THE AUSSIES HAD TO CROSS THE MAIN CAMP ROAD, AND AS THEY MADE FOR IT, A CAPTURED JEEP SCREECHED TO A HALT ONLY YARDS FROM THEM...



AND THEN THE AUSSIES JUMPED THEM...



THEY ADDED A RIFLE AND A PISTOL TO THEIR ARMOURY ...

COME ON!
GET IN HERE,
QUICK!



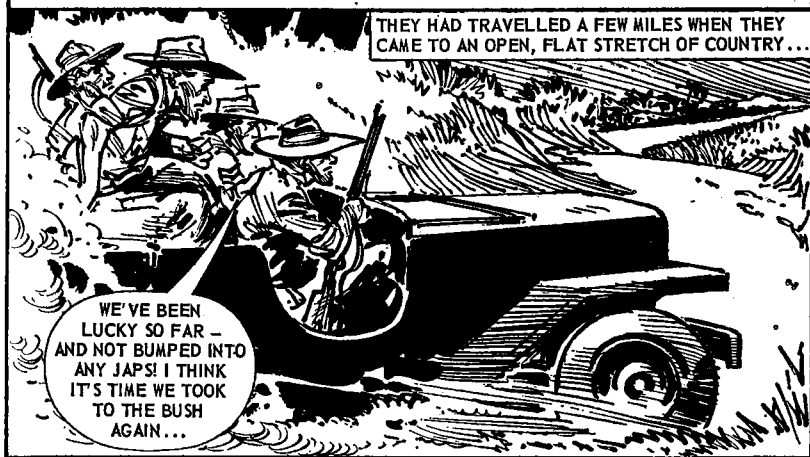
JACKEROO LET IN THE CLUTCH AND THEY SHOT OFF
DOWN THE JUNGLE ROAD AT TOP SPEED.

WE'RE
GOING THE
WRONG WAY! DEEPER
INTO JAP
TERRITORY...

I KNOW
THAT, YOU FOOL!
BUT THAT'S ONE
THING THE JAPS
WON'T EXPECT!




Chapter 2. *THE PRISONER*



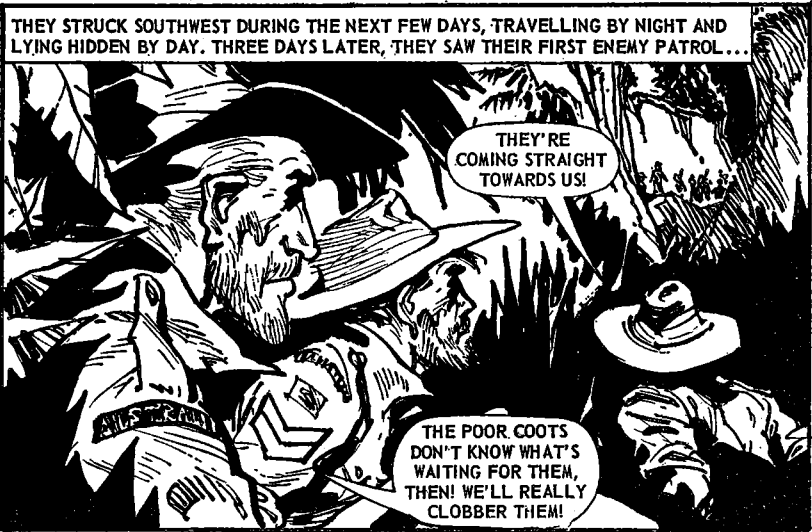
THEY HEADED INTO THE JUNGLE...

I RECKON WE SHOULDA
STUCK WITH THE JEEP! WE
WERE GOIN' GREAT GUNS!

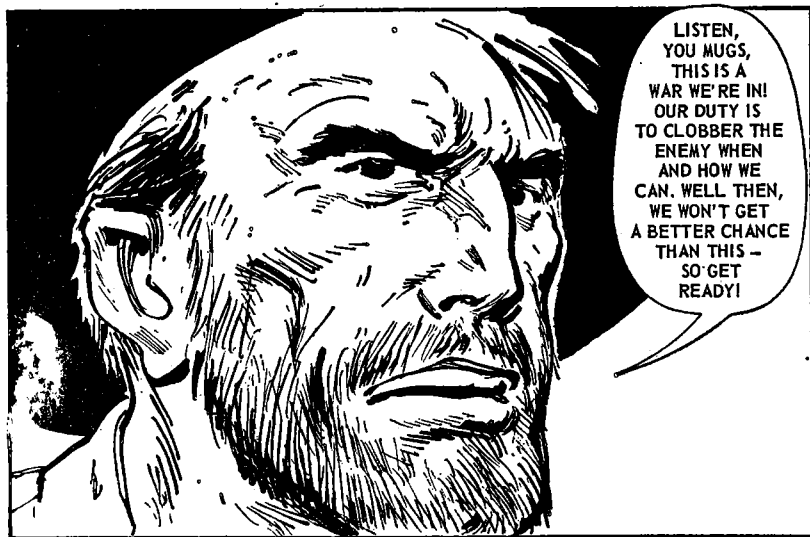


THEY STRUCK SOUTHWEST DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, TRAVELLING BY NIGHT AND
LYING HIDDEN BY DAY. THREE DAYS LATER, THEY SAW THEIR FIRST ENEMY PATROL...

THEY'RE
COMING STRAIGHT
TOWARDS US!



THE POOR COOTS
DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
WAITING FOR THEM,
THEN! WE'LL REALLY
CLOBBER THEM!



THE JAPS CAME ON UNSUSPECTINGLY – AND THEN THE AUSSIES OPENED RAPID FIRE...



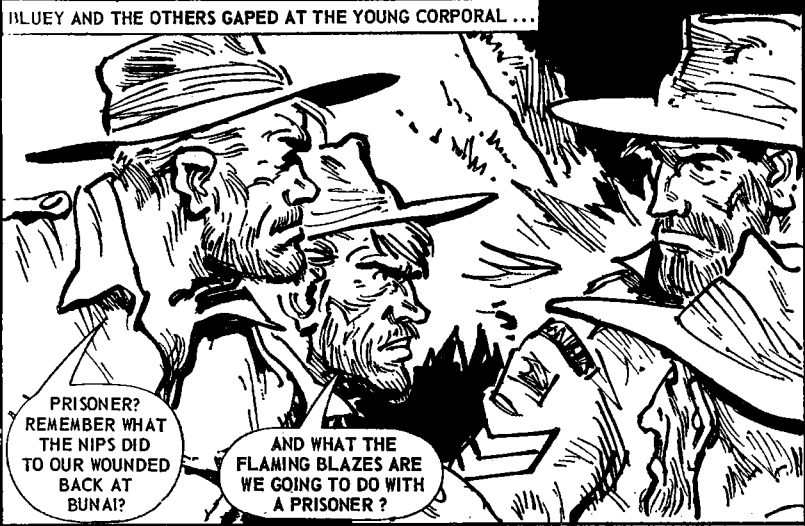
ONE MAN, THE OFFICER, BROKE AWAY FROM THE MASSACRE, AND TRIED TO CLIMB UP THE ROCK FACE...



BLUEY LIFTED HIS RIFLE MENACINGLY BUT JACKEROO GRABBED HIS ARM.



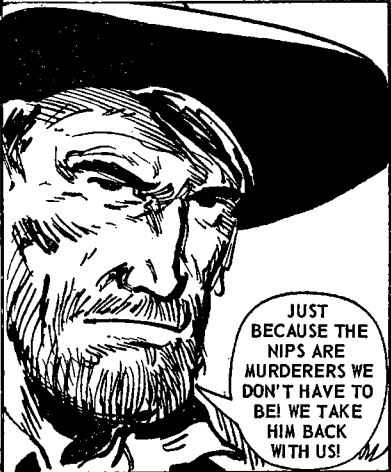
BLUEY AND THE OTHERS GAPED AT THE YOUNG CORPORAL ...



PRISONER?
REMEMBER WHAT
THE NIPS DID
TO OUR WOUNDED
BACK AT
BUNAI?

AND WHAT THE
FLAMING BLAZES ARE
WE GOING TO DO WITH
A PRISONER ?

ONCE AGAIN, THE STUBBORN LOOK CAME
INTO JACKEROO'S FACE ...



JUST
BECAUSE THE
NIPS ARE
MURDERERS WE
DON'T HAVE TO
BE! WE TAKE
HIM BACK
WITH US!

WHEN THE OFFICER RECOVERED,
THEY FOUND HE COULD SPEAK A
LITTLE ENGLISH.



WHAT'S
YOUR NAME?

ME -
NOGISHU.

AS THEY TRUDGED ON THROUGH THE THICK JUNGLE, JACKEROO FELT SORRY FOR THE JAP, AND TOOK THE GAG FROM HIS MOUTH...

NO PERISHIN' NIP WOULD SHOW ANY PITY FOR US!

MY OATH, THEY WOULDN'T!

IT IRKED BLUEY THAT THEY HAD TO SHARE THEIR SCANTY RATIONS WITH THE PRISONER...

HE DOESN'T LOOK TOO HAPPY, DOES HE?

WE'D HAVE DONE BETTER TO HAVE SHOT THE POOR COOT AND PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY!

THAT NIGHT, THEY SUDDENLY HEARD HIGH-PITCHED JAPANESE VOICES. AT ONCE, NOGISHU LET OUT A YELL AND STARTED TO RUN...



BLUEY MOVED LIKE LIGHTNING...



THEY QUICKLY GAGGED THEIR PRISONER AGAIN AND HUSTLED HIM AWAY FROM HIS FELLOW JAPS...



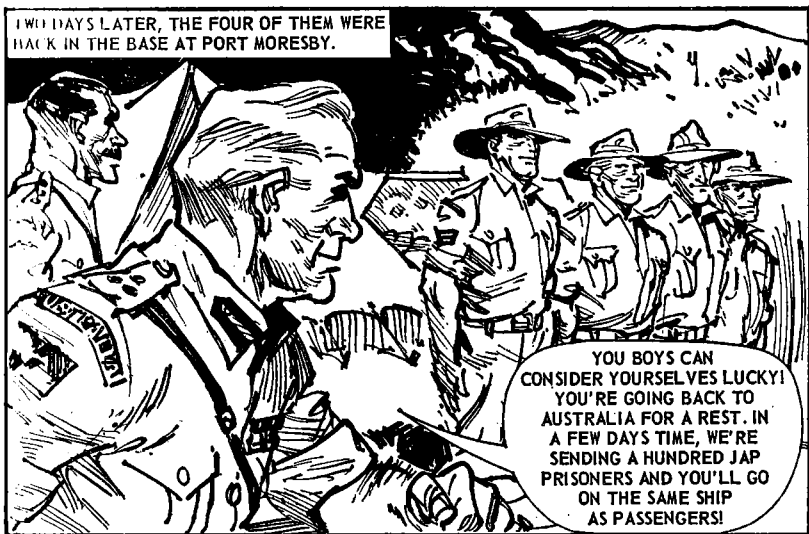
THEY REALISED THEY HAD REACHED A FRONT LINE POSITION, SO ONE OF THEM WENT FORWARD TO CHECK ON ENEMY TROOPS. HE RETURNED WITH GOOD NEWS —



THEY, AND THEIR PRISONER, SLIPPED THROUGH THE GAP WITHOUT INCIDENT, AND WERE APPROACHING THE AUSTRALIAN OUTPOSTS WHEN A TRIGGER-HAPPY BREN GUNNER OPENED FIRE.



TWO DAYS LATER, THE FOUR OF THEM WERE BACK IN THE BASE AT MORESBY.



WHEN THE DAY CAME, THE FOUR AUSSIES WATCHED THE PRISONERS BEING MARCHED ABOARD THE 'S.S. BRISBANE'. AN EXCLAMATION CAME FROM CONROY ...



WITHIN A FEW HOURS OF THE 'BRISBANE' LEAVING PORT, NOGISHU COMPLAINED OF AGONISING PAINS IN HIS STOMACH.

WE'LL KEEP HIM IN THE SICK-BAY HERE. GIVE HIM A COUPLE OF PAIN-KILLERS. I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT HIM AGAIN LATER.

YES, SIR.



AFTER THE MEDICAL ORDERLY HAD GONE, THE JAPANESE BEGAN TO GROAN SO LOUDLY THAT THE ARMED GUARD OUTSIDE THE DOOR CAME IN...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, COBBER?



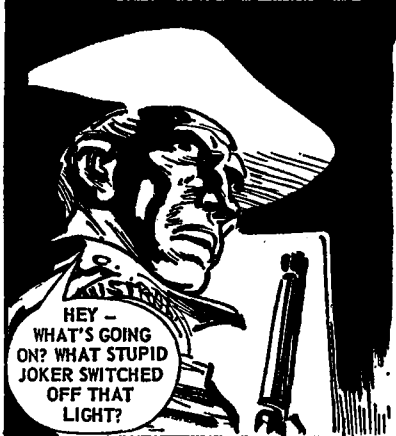
SUDDENLY AND TREACHEROUSLY, NOGISHU STRICK...



HOGISHU GRABBED THE RIFLE AND,
NIPED OUT INTO THE PASSAGEWAY ...



HE QUIETLY SWITCHED OFF THE LIGHTS
IN THE PASSAGEWAY, AND THE ARMED
SENTRY AT THE OTHER END OF THE
PASSAGE LOOKED ROUND IN ALARM.



THE UNSUSPECTING SENTRY WALKED
UP THE DARKENED PASSAGEWAY -
AND A RIFLE BUTT CRASHED ON
HIS SKULL...



NOGISHU GRABBED THE SECOND RIFLE AND HURRIED ALONG TO THE PRISONERS' MESS DECK WHICH THE SENTRY HAD BEEN GUARDING.



THE AUSTRALIAN SENTRIES OFF DUTY WERE TAKING IT EASY WHEN THE DOOR BURST OPEN...



THE SERGEANT COMMANDING THE PARTY TOOK ONE LOOK AT NOGISHU'S SET FACE AND COLD EYES AND KNEW THAT ANY MOVE WOULD BE SUICIDE.



NOW NOGISHU HAD TEN RIFLES - AND TEN ARMED MEN! JACKEROO AND HIS MATES, UNARMED AND HELPLESS, WERE THE NEXT TO BE 'PUT IN THE BAG'...



ON THE BRIDGE, THE MASTER AND MATE KNEW NOTHING TILL A CROWD OF DESPERATE JAPS
CAME POURING UP FROM BELOW. TWO SEAMEN WHO TRIED TO STOP THEM WERE SHOT DOWN.



THE MASTER AND MATE MADE A DASH FOR
THE MACHINE GUN MOUNTED ON THE BRIDGE,
BUT THEY WERE GIVEN NO TIME TO BRING IT
INTO ACTION.



THE CHIEF ENGINEER WAS SHOT DOWN BY THE JAPS WHO RUSHED THE ENGINE ROOM.




SOON, THE SHIP WAS COMPLETELY IN NOGISHU'S CONTROL. THE AUSTRALIANS AND SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE CREW WERE HERDED DOWN INTO NUMBER 2 HOLD ...



JACKEROO BROODED BITTERLY.

THEY WERE RIGHT! I SHOULD
HAVE SHOT THE LITTLE PERISHER!
BUT HOW WAS I TO KNOW
THIS WOULD HAPPEN?

A black and white illustration of a man in a military-style uniform and a wide-brimmed hat. He is shown in profile, looking down with a somber and thoughtful expression. His hand is near his chin, and the background is dark and indistinct.

AT THAT MOMENT, LIEUTENANT JIRO
NOGISHU WAS ON THE BRIDGE, GIVING
INSTRUCTIONS TO ONE OF HIS MEN.


SERGEANT HOKADO,
YOU SET COURSE FOR HUMBOLDT
POINT AND KEEP CLOSE TO
COAST. UNDERSTAND?

A black and white illustration showing a group of men in military uniforms on a bridge. In the foreground, a man in a wide-brimmed hat (Sergeant Hokado) is looking towards the right. Behind him, another man in a similar hat (Lieutenant Jiro Nogishu) is speaking. A third man is partially visible on the right. They are gathered around a table with a map or chart.

YES,
LIEUTENANT
SAN.

AS TIME PASSED, JACKEROO PONDERED ON THE
CHANCES OF TURNING THE TABLES ON NOGISHU.

HEY, ARE
YOU PLAYING OR
AREN'T YOU?

A black and white illustration of a group of men in military uniforms. In the foreground, a man in a wide-brimmed hat (Jackeroo) is looking towards the right. Behind him, another man in a similar hat (Lieutenant Jiro Nogishu) is speaking. A third man is partially visible on the right. They are gathered around a table with a map or chart.

I WAS JUST
THINKING: SEE THAT
MANHOLE WITH THE RING
IN IT? I RECKON IT LEADS
DOWN TO THE PROPELLER
SHAFT. NOW IF WE FED THAT
BIG CHAIN DOWN INTO
THE SHAFT ...



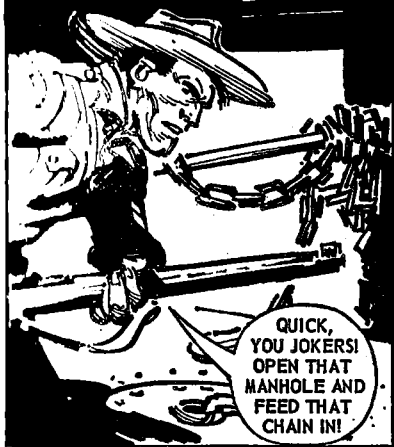
JACKEROO PLACED THE QUEEN IN ONE OF THREE STACKS OF CARDS AND THEN INVITED THE WATCHERS TO GUESS WHICH STACK IT WAS IN.



THE JAP, HIS CURIOSITY AROUSED, BENT STILL LOWER — AND BLUEY STRUCK!



JACKEROO GRABBED THE JAP'S RIFLE
AND WAS ON HIS FEET IN ONE SWIFT
MOVEMENT...



THERE WAS A CLANKING, GRINDING
CRASH AS THE CHAIN WENT IN - AND
THE WHOLE SHIP SHUDDERED AS THE
SHAFT BEGAN TO SEIZE UP.



AS JACKEROO SCRAMBLED OUT ON DECK THROUGH THE OPEN
HATCH, A JAP SENTRY BY THE RAIL TURNED. JACKEROO FIRED ...



THE SHOT STARTLED NOGISHU, ON THE BRIDGE. HE SCREAMED A FRANTIC ORDER.

STOP
THEM! KILL THE
AUSTRALIAN
DEVILS!



JACKEROO MADE NO
MISTAKE THIS TIME.
HE HAD SPARED
NOGISHU ONCE TOO
OFTEN!



AN ARMED JAP CAME RUSHING UP THE COMPANIONWAY,
ONLY TO TUMBLE BACK AS BLUEY'S BULLET CAUGHT HIM ...



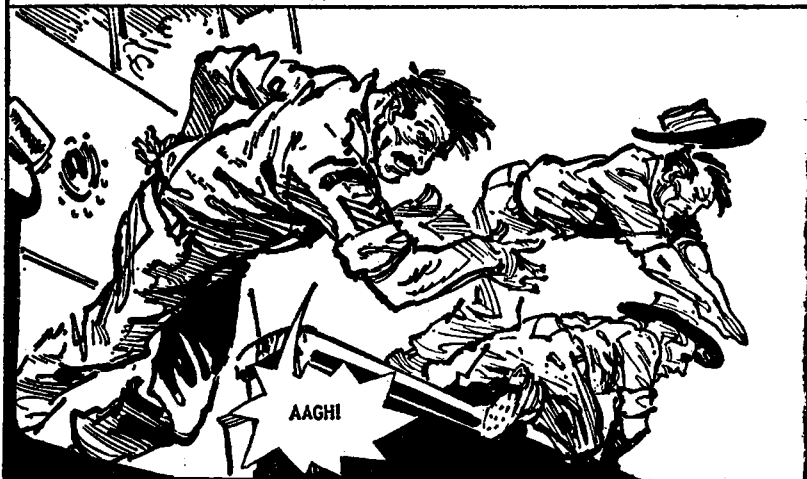
MORE JAPANESE SURGED INTO SIGHT - MAKING A
TARGET THE AUSSIES COULD NOT MISS.



BUT THERE WERE TOO MANY JAPS AND THE AUSSIES ONLY HAD THREE RIFLES. JACKEROO REALISED HIS GAMBLE HAD FAILED.



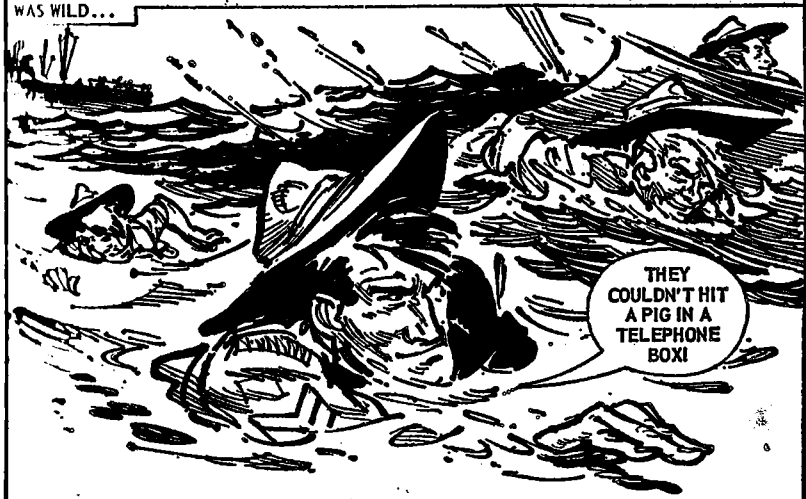
THE REST OF THE AUSTRALIANS, TOGETHER WITH THE SHIP'S ORIGINAL CREW, RAN FOR THE SIDE. BUT MANY WERE SHOT BEFORE THEY REACHED THE WATER.



FACEIROO, WOMBAT AND BLUEY, AMMUNITION SPENT, HURLED THEIR RIFLES IN THE
FACES OF THE JAPS.



THEY LETS LASHED THE WATER AMONGST THE SWIMMING AUSSIES, BUT THE JAP SHOOTING
WAS WILD...



Chapter 3. *SEA AFLAME*

LIKE MOST AUSTRALIANS, JACKEROO AND HIS MATES WERE ALL POWERFUL SWIMMERS, BUT THEY HAD LOST TOUCH WITH THE REST OF THE ESCAPED PRISONERS.



BUT THEN, AN EXCLAMATION OF DISGUST BROKE FROM BLUEY...



TIME TIME LATER, THEY STOLE ASHORE, APPARENTLY UNOBSERVED.



WHEN THEY STARTED TO MOVE OFF THROUGH THE JUNGLE, THEY FOUND JAPANESE DEFENCES EVERYWHERE.



THE FOUR AUSSIES WERE FORCED TO
GO TO GROUND...



ONE THING IN OUR
FAVOUR. THE JAPS DON'T KNOW
WE'RE HERE. NOW IF WE COULD
ONLY STEAL ONE OF THEIR
MOTOR-BOATS FROM THE
HARBOUR...

HIDING FROM THE PARTIES OF JAPS WHO
FREQUENTLY PASSED CLOSE TO THEM,
THEY MOVED SLOWLY TOWARDS THE
HARBOUR.



NOW
THAT'S WHAT
WE NEED! ONE OF
THOSE FAST PATROL
BOATS!



H'MM! THAT
TANKER COULD BE
OUR BEST BET.

YOU'RE
OFF YOUR TROLLEY!
WE COULDN'T SEIZE
A TANKER!



THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY FOR JACKEROO TO GET ABOARD - UP THE ANCHOR CHAIN - A TASK THAT TAXED HIS STRENGTH TO THE UTMOST!



AS HE CROUCHED IN THE SHADOWS, DRIPPING WATER, ONE OF THE JAPANESE CREW CAME STROLLING BY ...

JACKEROO UNCOILED LIKE A SPRING...



UGH!

THE JAP'S BODY HIT THE DECK WITH AN AGONISINGLY LOUD THUD.

HECK! I
BET SOMEONE
HEARD THAT!



THERE WAS A SMELL OF PETROL NEAR A JOINT IN ONE OF THE PIPES THAT LINED THE DECK. JACKEROO TOOK OUT THE WATER-PROOF MATCHBOX THAT WAS PART OF JUNGLE-FIGHTING EQUIPMENT AND STRUCK A LIGHT...



THE MATCH FLAME FLICKERED, NEARLY WENT OUT, AND THEN THERE WAS A FLASH, AND A LOUD 'WHOOMPF' AS THE PETROL FUMES IGNITED ...

HE HIT THE SEA, LEAVING SCREAMING PANIC ABOARD THE TANKER BEHIND HIM ...



BY THE TIME JACKEROO REACHED THE SHORE, THE WHOLE AFTER PART OF THE TANKER WAS ABLAZE.

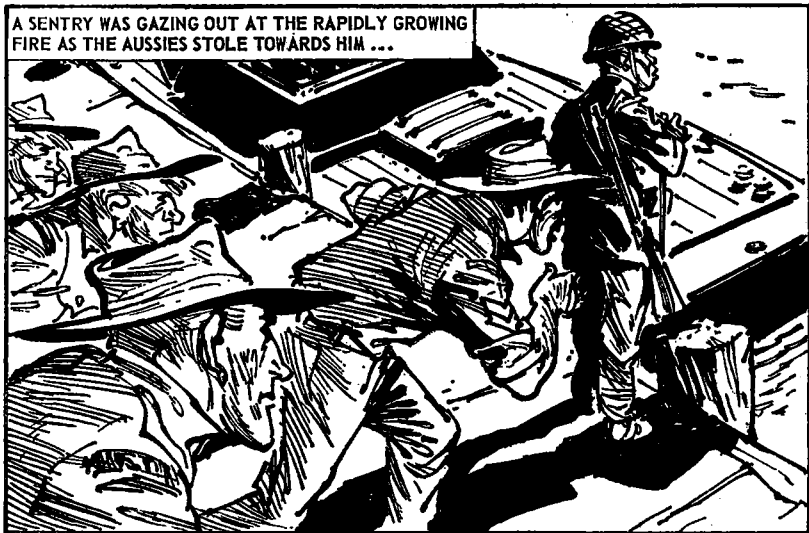




AS THEY MOVED TOWARDS THE JETTY, THE CREW OF ONE OF THE PATROL BOATS
BOARDED HER AND SHE SET OFF TOWARDS THE BLAZING TANKER...



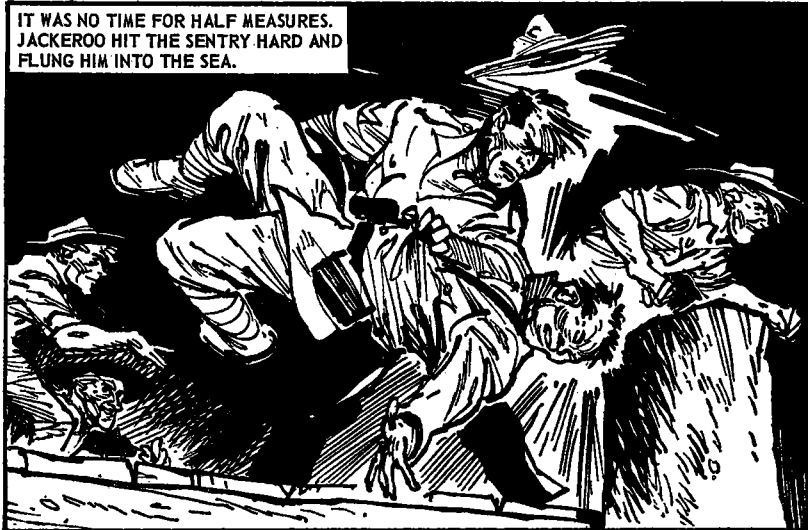
A SENTRY WAS GAZING OUT AT THE RAPIDLY GROWING FIRE AS THE AUSSIES STOLE TOWARDS HIM ...



HE HEARD FOOTSTEPS, TURNED –
AND GAVE A SQUAWK OF ALARM.



IT WAS NO TIME FOR HALF MEASURES.
JACKEROO HIT THE SENTRY HARD AND
FLUNG HIM INTO THE SEA.



A JAPANESE SAILOR
POPPED UP FROM BELOW
DECK TO SEE WHAT WAS
GOING ON — AND RAN INTO
BLUEY'S TEAK-HARD FIST...



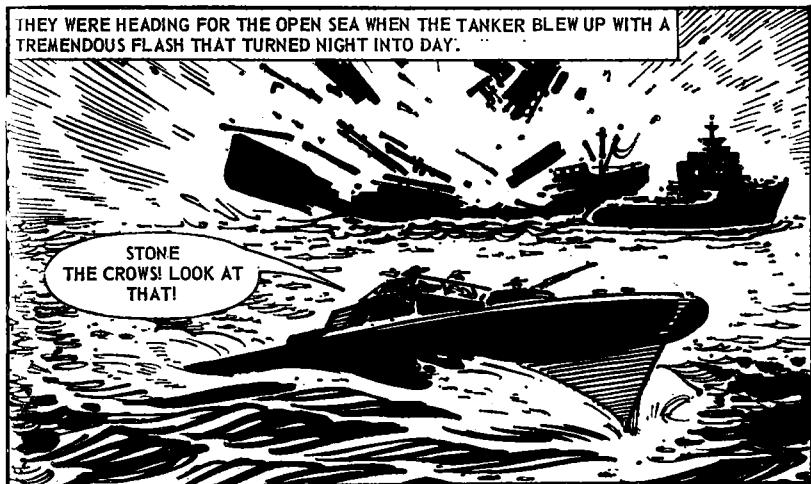
AS SOMEONE CAST OFF, THE LAUNCH'S JAPANESE CREW APPEARED AT THE FOOT OF THE JETTY...



BULLETS WHINED ABOUT THE PATROL BOAT AS IT PULLED AWAY - BUT WOMBAT PROMPTLY JUMPED FOR THE MACHINE GUN MOUNTED IN THE BOWS...



THEY WERE HEADING FOR THE OPEN SEA WHEN THE TANKER BLEW UP WITH A TREMENDOUS FLASH THAT TURNED NIGHT INTO DAY.

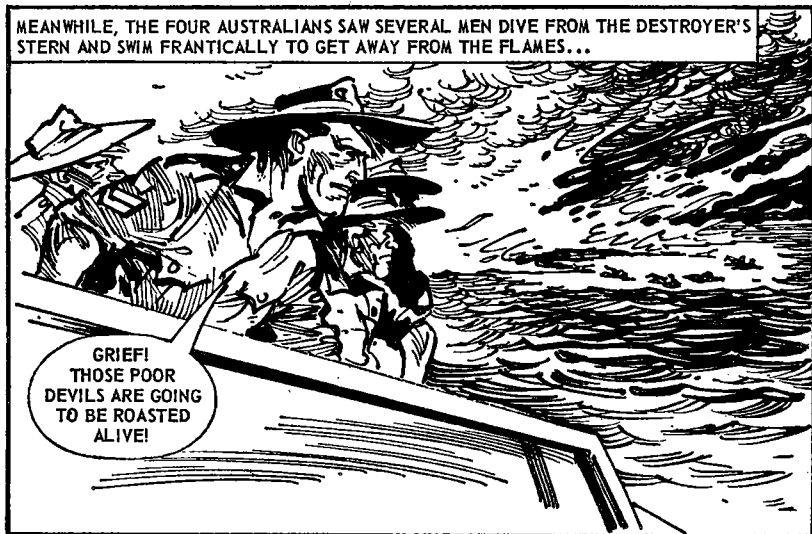


WITHIN SECONDS, A GREAT SHEET OF FLAMING OIL BEGAN TO SPREAD ACROSS THE HARBOUR, AND THE JAPANESE DESTROYER CAUGHT FIRE ...





MEANWHILE, THE FOUR AUSTRALIANS SAW SEVERAL MEN DIVE FROM THE DESTROYER'S STERN AND SWIM FRANTICALLY TO GET AWAY FROM THE FLAMES...



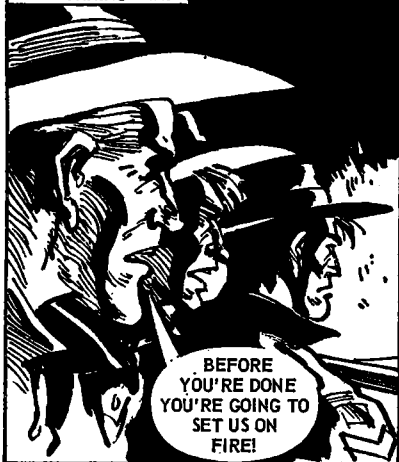
JACKEROO SWUNG THE WHEEL HARD OVER...

HEY -
WHAT THE HECK ARE
YOU DOING?

WE
CAN'T LET 'EM
BURN! WE'LL HAVE
TO PICK 'EM
UP!



THEY WERE STILL PROTESTING BITTERLY
AS HE TOOK THE BOAT STRAIGHT TOWARDS
THE BURNING SEA.



THEN WOMBAT GAVE A CRY OF ASTONISHMENT AND HORROR.

HEY! THEY
AREN'T JAPS! THEY'RE
WHITE MEN!

BUT
WHAT WERE
THEY DOING
ABOARD
A JAP
DESTROYER?

THEY MUST
HAVE BEEN PRISONERS,
YOU MUG!

AS THEY REACHED THE
FIRST MAN, THE HEAT WAS
BLISTERING THE PAINT ON
THE BOAT'S HULL.

HURRIEDLY, THEY HAULED THE MEN ABOARD - FIVE AUSTRALIAN OFFICERS.



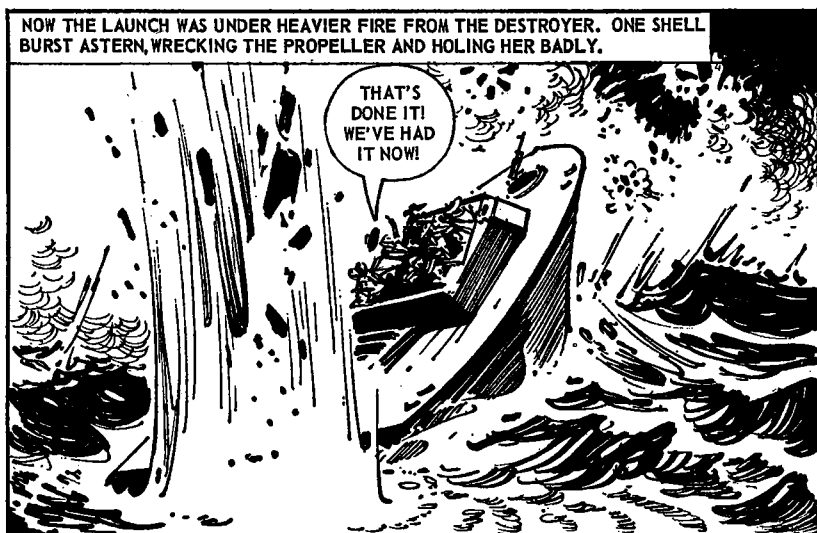
THE DESTROYER HAD TURNED INTO THE WIND TO KEEP THE FLAMES AFT, AND WHILE THE FIRE PARTIES GOT THEIR HOSES GOING, A MACHINE GUN IN THE BOWS OPENED ON THE ESCAPERS.



NOW THE FLYING BOAT CAME ROARING OVERHEAD...



NOW THE LAUNCH WAS UNDER HEAVIER FIRE FROM THE DESTROYER. ONE SHELL BURST ASTERN, WRECKING THE PROPELLER AND HOLING HER BADLY.



THEN THE AMERICAN CATALINA CAME SKIMMING DOWN TO LAND WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF THE DISABLED BOAT...



SOON, THE FLYING BOAT WAS AIRBORNE AGAIN WITH A FULL LOAD OF GRATEFUL AUSSIES.



THE AMERICANS HAD LISTENED TO THEIR
HAIR-RAISING TALE WITH SOMETHING LIKE AWE.



WELL, IF
HE'S SOFT, I'D
HATE TO BE THE
NIP WHO CAME UP
AGAINST ONE OF
YOUR TOUGH
GUYS!

HIS LUCKY DAY

NEARLY EVERY NIGHT THE GERMANS BLITZED THE ITALIAN VILLAGE OF CISTERNO WITH HEAVY BOMBS, AND THIS PARTICULAR FRIDAY NIGHT WAS NO EXCEPTION .



CORPORAL HURST WAS LYING IN THE COMPARATIVE SAFETY OF A DEEP FOX-HOLE, WHEN A SOLDIER CAME RUNNING UP . . .



AS THE BOMB-DISPOSAL EXPERT OF 'B' COMPANY, CORPORAL HURST WAS THE MAN WHOSE JOB IT WOULD BE TO DEFUSE THE BOMB. BUT HURST WAS A SUPERSTITIOUS MAN . . .



BUT—DUTY WAS DUTY. SO HE PICKED UP HIS GEAR AND
HEADED FOR THE CHURCH. BOMBS WERE STILL FALLING,
AND HE HATED LEAVING THE SHELTER OF THE FOX-HOLE...

HURST'LL SOON
FIX THAT BOMB...

TAKES SOME
GUTS, THIS JOB
OF HIS.



INSIDE THE CHURCH HE SOON FOUND
THE BOMB. COOLLY HE SET TO WORK..

WONDER WHAT THE
SERGEANT WAS DOING
IN HERE, ANYWAY..?



THE SWEAT OF TENSION RAN INTO
HIS EYES AS HE SET TO WORK...
AND ONE THOUGHT HAMMERED IN
HIS BRAIN...

WHAT A JOB
FOR FRIDAY THE
THIRTEENTH!

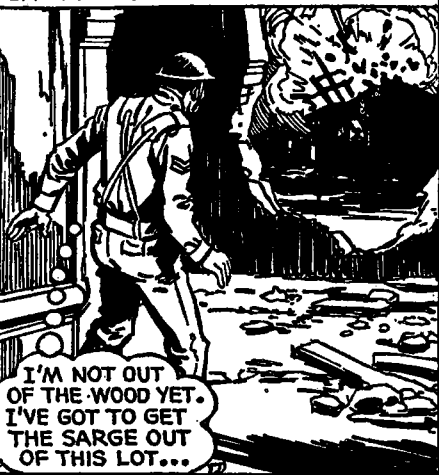


AFTER TEN TENSE MINUTES THE BOMB'S FUSE SLID OUT OF THE CASING . . .

GOT IT!
...PHEW!



OUTSIDE, MORE BOMBS BEGAN TO FALL AND CORPORAL HURST WAS EAGER TO GET BACK TO HIS FOX-HOLE . . .



I'M NOT OUT
OF THE WOOD YET.
I'VE GOT TO GET
THE SARGE OUT
OF THIS LOT...

CAREFULLY HE BEGAN TO MOVE THE PILE OF FALLEN MASONRY . . .



HANG ON,
SARGE! I'M NEARLY
THERE ...

THEN . . .

HE'S DEAD! HE MUST HAVE BEEN
KILLED OUTRIGHT WHEN THE RUBBLE
FELL ON HIM . . .



HE WAS JUST ABOUT TO HURRY
AWAY WHEN HIS GLANCE FELL
ON SOMETHING THAT RIVETED
HIS ATTENTION . . .



MONEY!
... WHAT
THE HECK?

HE SCRABBLED AGAIN AT THE
RUBBLE, SHIFTING MORE OF IT .
THEN HE GASPED IN STUNNED
ASTONISHMENT . . .



THERE'S
A FORTUNE
HERE! BUT
WHAT..?





WHEN HE REACHED THE SPOT WHERE HIS FOX-HOLE HAD BEEN, HE STARED IN AMAZEMENT. FOR THERE WAS NOW AN ENORMOUS BOMB CRATER ON THE SPOT . . .

WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?

A FEW MINUTES AFTER YOU LEFT, CORP. DEAD LUCKY YOU WERE!

A SLOW SMILE SPLIT THE CORPORAL'S RUGGED FACE . . .

WELL WELL, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN SO LUCKY IN MY LIFE!

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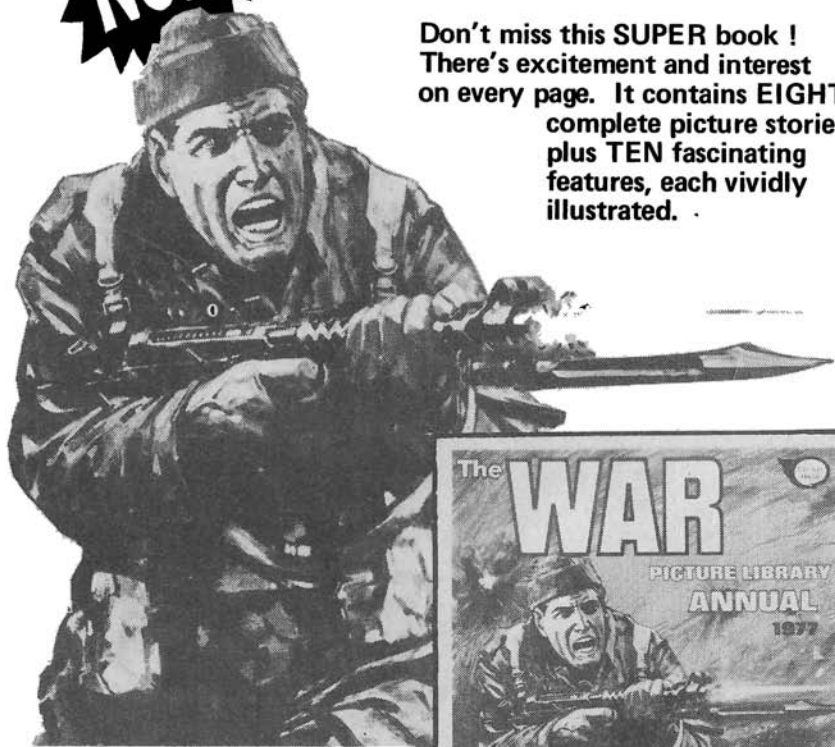


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